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Caspar—The army is the place to learn better, tho'; ha! ha! How do your sharp-shooters manage, thinkst thou, when they pick down their man out of the thickest cannon smoke? Or hast never considered how the king of Sweden, spite of his buffalo's jacket, fell at Lutzen? Two silver bullets were the secret of it;—ay, ay, your smart man knows that; but to things of that sort, there are other arts required than just to take aim, and pull the trigger.

Max—(Still contemplating the eagle.) The shot is incredible—in dark twilight—hurled from the clouds—can it be real?

Caspar—To be sure, there is some difference, too, between blowing the daylight out of a poor son of clay, from behind an ambush, and ensuring a ranger-ship, and a charming girl to boot, by a lucky shot.

Max—(Meditating.) Hast thou any more such bullets?

Caspar—It was the last;—they are just out.

Max—Art thou become, on a sudden, so sparing of thy words? Just out! how mean you?

Caspar—Because more may be had to-night.

Max—To-night?

Caspar—Yes, faith: the sun is now propitious for three successive days,—to-day is the middle one; to-day at midnight, there will be a total eclipse of the moon. Max! consider! Thy fate is under the influence of propitious planets! Thou art chosen for mighty things! This very night, the eve of that morrow on which thou art to do the trial-shot, and earn a noble office, and a lovely bride;—in the very moment when you stand so much in need of assistance from the secret powers, nature offers herself to your service!

Max—Well! It is my fate that wills it; get me such a bullet.

Caspar—More than thou needest. But art thou a man, and requirest a tutor?

Max—How are they to be obtained?

Caspar—That I will teach thee, meet me punctually at twelve to-night, in the Wolf's Glen.

Max—At midnight! in the Wolf's Glen? No; the glen is haunted; and at midnight the gates of hell are opened.

Caspar—Pshaw! How thou drestest! And yet I cannot resign thee to thy unlucky stars; I am thy friend, I will help thee to cast the bullets.

Max—No, no.

Caspar—So, then, be the people's laughing-stock to-morrow,—resign the ranger-ship and Agatha. I say, I am thy friend; I myself will help thee to cast them; but thou must be present.

Max—Thy tongue is smooth; yet no—an honest huntsman dares not think upon such things.

Caspar—Coward! So thou wouldst purchase thy good fortune at the risk of others only—if risk, indeed, there were; dost thou believe thine own guilt would therefore be the less?—if guilt, indeed, there were; dost thou believe this guilt, if guilt it be, does not weigh on thee already?—striking out the wings of the eagle.—Dost thou believe this eagle was given thee for nothing?

Max—Dreadful thought, if thou speak'st truly.

Caspar—Strange! that thou shouldst question thus. But ingratitude is the coin in which the world pays. Well, I'll cut myself off a wing of the bird, that I, at least, may have some share on't.—*Cuts off a wing.*—Droll enough! Thou dardest this shot to comfort Agatha, and wastest courage, now, to win the prize for ever—the waxen puppet who cast me off for thy sake, would hardly believe this: *(Aside.)* But that shall be revenged!

Max—Wretch! I have courage—

Caspar—Prove it, then! Since thou hast used a charmed bullet, tis but a child's play, surely, to cast some. It is easy for thee to judge, from thy late unsuccessful attempts, what will be the consequence of rejecting the assistance which is now offered thee; the girl is mad for thee—cannot live without thee; she will become desperate;—and thou!—wilt crawl about, the mockery of all men: perhaps, despair may drive thee to—*(Presses his hands to his eyes, as if to stop his tears.)* Shame on thyself, rough forester; that thou shouldst love him better than he loves himself. *(Aside.)* Help, Zaniel!

Max—Agatha die! myself springing from a precipice! yes, that would be the end on't;—*(Holds out his hand to Caspar.)* By Agatha's dear life, I will attend!

(Zaniel, who has appeared listening during the latter part of the conversation, nods and vanishes.)

Caspar—Be silent to all the world! this might endanger thee and me;—at twelve, I shall expect thee.

Max—I betray thee! At twelve, I shall be there.

(Exit Max hastily.)

(Caspar looks after him for some time, with silent malignity, it has now become quite dark.)

Air—Caspar.

Peace! peace! that no one now may warn thee;
Hell with its snares has bound him:
Nought can of the spell disarm thee.—
Spirits of darkness hover round him:
I see him gnashing in your chains,
Triumph welcome—hail revenge!

(Exit opposite side.)

End of the First Act.

R.

HORÆ ITALICÆ.

SONNET OF DANTE.

(Not printed in any edition of his Works.)

IN LODE DI BEATRICE.

Tanto gentile e tanta onesta appare
La Donna mia quando altrui saluta
Che ogni lingua divien tremando muta
E gli occhi non l'ardescon di guardare:
Ella sen va sentendosi laudare
Soavemente d'onesta vestuta
E par che sia una cosa venuta
Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.
Mostrarsi sì piacente a chi la mira,
Che dà per gli occhi una dolcezza al core,
Che 'ntender non la può chi non la prova;
E par che dalle sue luci si muova
Un spirito soave e pieno d'amore,
Che va dicendo all'anima—"Sospira!"

TRANSLATION.

Whome'er my mistress may but chance salute,
So nobly sweet her courtesy amaze
Binds every tongue in trembling worship mute,
And eyes but glancing where they dare not gaze.

Cloth'd in the majesty of pure intent
She passes on, well conscious of her praise;
And seems a thing from Heaven divinely sent,
A miracle for earth's degraded days.

Her gracious presence wins all hearts, at sight,
With more than picture-pleasure, deep delight;
As none can understand but they who prove;
Some gentle spirit, sure, must haunt her eye,
Which, born of tenderness, and winged with love,
Says to the soul of her beholders—"Sigh!"

* This will remind our classical readers of a part of Tibullus's "Laus Sulpicie."

"Ilam, quidquid agit, quonquid vestigia fecit,
Composit furim subsequiturque decor. &c."

SONETTO DI ALFIERI.

(Not included in his published Works.)

SIENA.

Siena, dal colle, ove torreggia, e siede
Vede venir pel piano, afflitta, errante,
Donna di grinzoso alto sembiante,
Che muove di ver arno l'acqua il piede.

Chi mai sarà? l'un s'avio, all'altro chiede,
Ma sin qual vuoi, o con vece di piante
Incontrarla ciascuna esca festante
Per far di nostra gentilezza fede.

Era colei la Cortesia, che in bondo
Usata di Flora, e al Tevere inne credea,
Forse non meglio l'orme sue drizzando
Ma de Sanese il bel parlar le fea.
Forza così, che non più innanzi andando
Tempio, e Culto fra loro ebbe qual Dea.

TRANSLATION.

Raised on her hilly tower Sienna saw
A lady wandering lonely o'er the plain:
Her look was grace, to charm, at once, and awe;
She seemed from Arno come, and mov'd in pain.

What stranger this? scholar to scholar cried;
But, be she who she may, all hurry down
To give her festive entrance, and provide
Such welcome as befits their gentle town.

It was fair Courtesy—in exiled flight,
She thought from Florence Tiber's banks to reach;
But prosperous chance, it seems, had brought her
Right.

For the sweet violence of their magic speech
So wrought on her, she would no farther roam
But at Sienna fixed her temple and her home.

W. E.

TRANSLATION OF THE ITALIAN SONNET IN NUMBER XX.

O sweet, secluded, solitary shade!
My wearied thoughts' asylum from despair!
While Boreas, now, in days that swiftly fade,
In frost appalling shrouds the earth and air,
And thy green tresses—ancient locks like mine
Disguises quite, in drapery of snow;
Whilst flowers no more in vernal garb enshrine
Thy frozen glades, that winter's voice show.
Mournfully now, at this o'erclouded light
I roam—reflecting 'twill this frame decayed,
And spirit serve: for these have felt their blight!
On me more chill a freezing stroke has weigh'd,
More cruel Eurus wafts my winter's night,
(Ah, night too long!) and days in gloom array'd!

H. Y.

DREAMS.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

And how, and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—*perchance the dead*—*and*,
The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

Our life is two-fold, waking and sleeping;
but we have somewhat more controul over our open-eyed than our dreaming fancies. It is not the thoughts which most engross our minds during the day that are aptest to recur in the silent watches of the night season. We dream more often of those old associations which have momentarily flitted across our imagination, called into brief but vivid existence by some of the countless circumstances so exquisitely enumerated by the noble bard in those stanzas just repeated: come then gentle reader, and dream three dreams with me, if you are very idle:—

I was in St. Patrick's cathedral, walking alone up and down the long and melancholy aisles, the time was after twilight, and the darkness was coming on fast, and dense and cold; the rain in large heavy drops was pattering against the panes of the lofty and ancient windows, while the wind at intervals howled with that dreary and comfortless sound with which it means so complainingly through the woods in winter. There I was—walking backwards and forwards I knew not why—chilled to the very bones by the vast solitude and dampness—my heart also was chilled, weighed down with a shadowy foreboding that I was there to hear of some calamity, and that I should come to the mournful knowledge soon. I was arrayed in the black habit of a chief mourner for the dead—I gazed intently on the old monuments and almost worn-out inscriptions, and I thought they all changed to my eye, and that the name on all was the same, and I struggled hard to read it, and could not. A strain of wild but solemn music now rose upon my ear, and then died away in lingering echoes through the vaulted galleries, again it rose accompanied by the rich and mellowing swell of the noble organ, it was the funeral anthem, and I heard the words sung mournfully but distinctly, while the soft gushes of rich harmony stole along the rafters of the rude unplastered roof.

I heard and burst into tears: then I observed at a distance, a figure intently employed upon a slab, by the dim light of a dying lamp, and I thought that often it directed its observation towards me, and then again resumed its occupation; I drew near, I perceived a man wrapped in a large sable cloak, the hood of which was drawn over his features, carving a small monument of black marble. He turned away his face, but held up the lamp so that I could plainly read

Sacred to the Memory
of

She died young and happy,
1828.

He had begun to inscribe the name, when I enquired to whom was it erected, he replied, wait, it will soon be finished; the feelings with which I watched him were most painful and intense, every letter he cut on the marble was stamped upon my heart and brain as with a brand of fire, and when the name was completed at last—I shrieked, and fell, and there was darkness and deep sorrow upon my soul: I was glad when I awoke.

I was in the gallery of the Louvre, gazing with awe and admiration on the noble portraits of the illustrious dead, one in particular had arrested my inmost soul, and every faculty was lost in the intensity of the fascination; the subject was “a girl alone on a mountain by moon-light,” and never did a lovelier form or face bless the burning fancy of the dreamy artist; she stood as stands a Seraph on his throne of pearl. A mantle of green and gold draped her beautiful form, and in her large dark eye was rapture mingled with deep adoration, while she looked—to the lone dark sky—and the shining moon, and the faintly twinkling stars—as if in them to read her destiny. Upon her wrist was bound a golden bracelet, clasped with a black medallion, on which were graven characters mystical and indistinct—and they glittered in the darkness. You admire the painting, said an aged monk, who stood near me—look on this one. It was the interior of a ruined chapel, and at what was once an altar knelt two figures, I instantly recognized “the girl of the mountain,” but the other figure I knew not, for a dark mantle overshadowed it, but a helmet with red plumes and a shield, and a sheathless brand, were laid upon the marble.

The monk pointed me out another.

The girl was alone again—and she was dying, she was clad in the garb of a novice of the order of Carmelites—and I knew by that face so fearfully pale, and the deep anguish written on her brow, that she was dying; a branch of withered cypress was wreathed round her temples, her right hand pointed to the ground, with her left she pressed an Agnus Dei to her heart, which was broken. She stood upon the same mountain, and there was the same quiet moon-light, sleeping on that lone hill side.

Suddenly she disappeared, the stars were extinguished, the moon was lost in blackness, a baneful solitary planet rose, glaring with murky rays, a consuming fire came forth from that blazing star, the picture gradually and perceptibly burnt away, in vain I strove to preserve it.

The beautiful vision had become ashes.

I was wandering through a black and narrow subterranean chamber, alone, and the echo of my footsteps on the rocky pavement was the only sound which broke upon the stillness of the vault, a muffled bell tolled the hour of midnight, and at a distance a voice replied to its tone—it is prepared. Suddenly I found myself in a large and lofty Gothic hall, in the centre of which a sumptuous banquet was made ready, golden cups reflected the brilliancy of the flaming lamps, there were couches of purple and crimson scattered through the apartment, brands and helmets suspended from the walls, but the guests had not yet come; a large sable banner waved slowly from the roof, and scattered a dark shadow on the board, but the

covering of the table was a pall, and the contrast of the black with the gold and silver, made a mournful gaiety; it reminded me of what I had seen once, in a distant land, many years before; my soul was now oppressed with anxiety and restlessness, and my spirits were numbed, but not with fear. I took down from the wall a massive blade and unsheathed it, I put a plumeless helmet on my head, and advanced to a large mirror to look upon my arms,—“they befit you well,” said the same voice, I turned and saw a figure looking earnestly and sorrowfully upon me, and I stretched out my hand to salute him, for I had known him well formerly, in life; “you are welcome, let us drink,” he pointed to the table and sat down, and commanded me to partake in the revel. I did so, a long and silent procession entered, in waving robes of whiteness, they made their obeisances to me, and sat at the board, the whole assemblage was wan and ghastly, the chill of cold mortality was in the hall, and on the brows of all was marked the silent impress of the grave—I felt calm, but it was the calmness of despair. I thought I was buried alive.

A pale and beautiful girl, whom I had loved in life, entered, and sat upon the throne under the black banner; she looked more beautiful than ever, her black eyes still flashed with brightness, but the hectic flush of consumption was not on her brow, it had faded into the paleness of death, she looked upon me, she had never loved me, she held a lyre and tuned it, and sang; I remembered well her voice—I remember still her words:

My lover is come but my heart is cold,
The damps of the grave have chilled it,
I never can sing as I sang of old,
Ere the silence of death had stilled it.
My true love is come to our silent hall,
Where parting of change come never,
Our bed is the grave, and our curtain the pall,
And our bridal-night lasts—for ever!

I shall never forget that thrill of the soul, that agony of delight, which the broken heart can only feel—in dreams.

THE VALLEY OF LA ROCHE.

(Concluded from our last.)

A letter at length arrived from Frederic, mentioning his intention of returning immediately, as the effects of the climate, and a slight wound, had incapacitated him for the present from further duty. Much joy, mingled as it ever is with a share of affliction, followed the receipt of this letter; arrangements were made at the chateau for the reception of the young soldier; his favourite room that overlooked the little grove, where he had first breathed his vows to Lucy, was fitted up in the most comfortable style, and her portrait, which she had been enabled to get executed in his absence, hung at the head of his bed; a little library of all his favourite authors had been fitted up there since his departure, and all those little comforts that fond woman alone can devise, were lavished unsparingly throughout the apartment. The fond Lucy spent all her days in arranging every thing in the manner which she thought would please him most, the sweetest flowers were taught to blossom and exhale their perfume on the little balcony before his window, and in short, every thing betrayed the hand of love; it was a beautiful summer's evening, when the little party seating themselves at an open window gazed with admiration on the

prospect that lay before them, as the rays of the setting sun slumbered in the golden meads that on every side refreshed and delighted the eye; here and there the waters of some solitary mountain stream glittered in the distance, appearing, as it reflected the crimson rays of the departing luminary, like a glorious stream of light, streaking the steep mountain side—now lost, as some bold cliff intercepted the view, and again emerging in undiminished lustre and beauty; the cloudless skies hung like an azure canopy on high, gradually darkening in their hues towards the east: as they sat silently and pensively admiring the tranquillity and peace of the prospect before them, associating with the present enjoyment, the anticipation of Fred.'s return, the distant roll of wheels startled them from the delicious reveries which such a scene is calculated to induce, and immediately after they saw a carriage slowly turning the little angle of the grove at some distance. The feelings of mother, sister, and lover, that rose convulsively in the bosom of each, choked the wild cry of delight they were about to utter, and they awaited its coming in all the silent agony of expectation; when it at last drew up at the door, and the young soldier feebly and tottering alighted, an agonized shriek burst from his startled mother, as she folded the child of her bosom in her arms. Alas, how changed since she had imprinted the fond farewell kiss of affection on his lip! nought but the eye of affection could have recognized the gay and healthful Frederic, in the languid and feeble invalid that now tottered before them, and as the rays of the setting sun trembled on his pallid brow, a melancholy foreboding that he would not long outlive their departure, went chillingly to the hearts of all who saw him. Instead of the florid cheek, and sparkling eye, the dull hues of death sat brooding in ghastly paleness on the one, and debility and disease had decreased the lustre of the other. Smilingly, and with an affected gaiety which contrasted gloomily with the sad and touching expression of his whole countenance, he turned to Lucy, who had leaned for support against the window frame, in mute and tearless agony, and said, as he took her hand and pressed it to his lips, “what Lucy, have you forgot me?” When at length, finding relief in a flood of tears, she flung herself into his arms, and hung sobbing on his breast. Although disease had been making fierce ravages on the young hero's frame, still the manly charms which had graced him in the days of youthful vigour, were but mellowed down to a softer and more interesting character of feature; the handsome Frederic, was still handsome, but his was now an unearthly beauty, which called forth the sigh of pity rather than attracted the gaze of admiration. After this unexpectedly melancholy meeting, and when the whole party had become somewhat more tranquilized, they returned to the drawing-room, and talked over the incidents that had befallen since his departure; seated between his mother and Lucy, Frederic sent up a silent prayer of thanksgiving, that he had been spared to look again upon those objects of his warmest and earliest affection, and as this glow of pious ecstasy blushed on his pale cheek, the delighted Lucy fondly pictured to herself the perfect restoration of her darling to health and strength; so delusively will hope whisper its consolation in our ear even to the last. As he gazed upon the unaltered charms, and still stately